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# woodwind

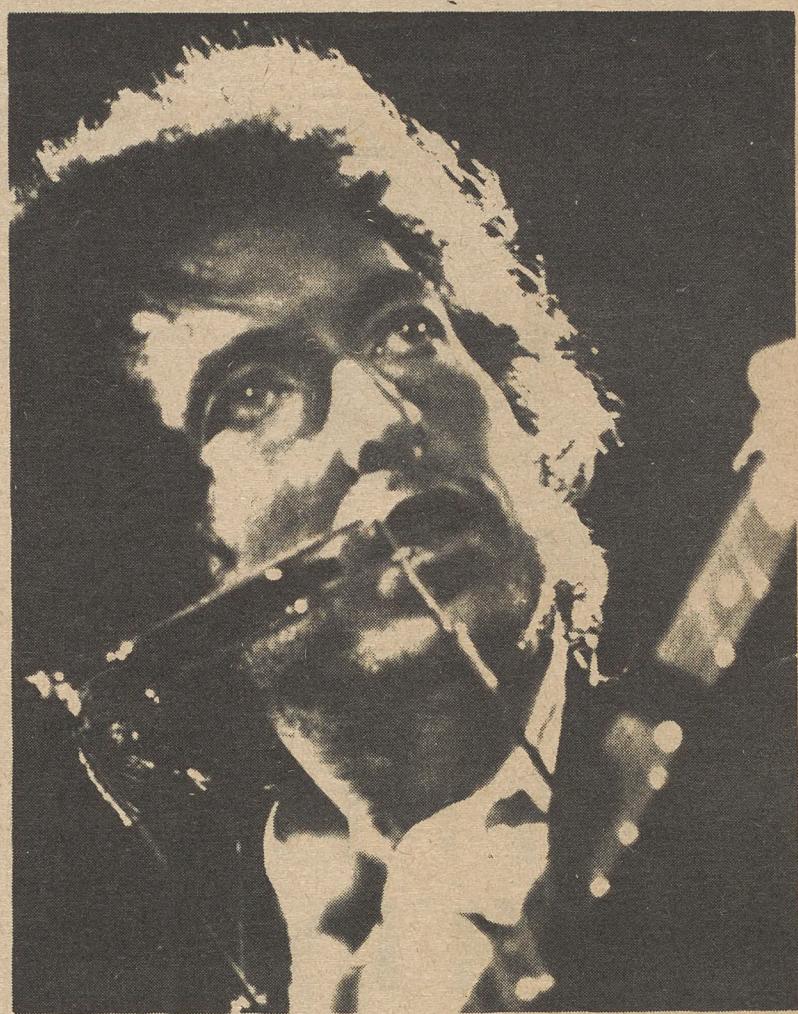
## WOODWIND

AN  
ARTS  
PAPER

WASHINGTON, D.C.

FREE

JANUARY 29, 1974



# Woodwind

WOODWIND

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Woodwind welcomes contributions of all sorts. We're particularly interested in feature articles and short fiction. Although we accept poetry, we have an enormous backlog. All articles are accepted on the basis of their own merits, not on the credits or reputation of the author. Materials submitted to Woodwind should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope, if you ever want them back.

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## TYPE-SETTING



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## IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD

Edited by Clover Holcomb

**WINTER MATINEE:** By now, children are well entrenched in school routines. The bleak months are ahead and a possible change could be indulged in Saturday and Sunday afternoons at any of the following activities, such as a new film series presented by AFI for children and parents. Each program will run two hours, with a cartoon, a feature film and a chapter of the *Captain Marvel* series. Some of the scheduled films are: *Adventures of Robin Hood*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Prisoner of Zenda* and *Forbidden Planet*. 11:30 am and 2:00 pm on Saturdays; 2:00 pm Sundays. Tickets for the entire series will be \$12 for children, \$18 for the general public; individual tickets will be sold at the door. Through April: 833-9300.

**CHILDREN'S GAMES:** In a children's concert, duet pianists Marion MacKinnon and Eleanor Bodkin and the Potomac English Handbell Ringers will perform *Les Jeux d'Enfants*. Followed by a demonstration of change ringing with a selection of works by Mozart, Haydn, Scarlatti, and Handel. Presented by the Virginia Friends of Music. February 10, 3:00 pm at the Fairfax High School, 3500 Old Lee Highway, Fairfax, Virginia. Admission \$3.00, \$.50 for children under 12.

**VISUAL METAPHORS:** Collages, silk screens and assemblage sculpture, some box-shaped with windows that open to reveal objects inside, are included in an exhibition of the works of Joseph Cornell. Through March 10 at the Smithsonian Institution between F & G Streets, on 9th St.

**WOODWIND** Poetry Editor, Dierdre Baldwin, will read her works as part of the Folger Poetry Series. 8:00 pm, February 18 at the Folger Library, 201 E. Capitol St., S.E.

**AMERICA:** The prints of John Taylor Arms, depicting U.S. ships, docks, mill ponds and log cabins will be exhibited through February 15 at the Gallery of Fine Art, 2647 Connecticut Ave., N.W.

**CONCERT LINE:** A new concert line is being sponsored by WINX radio. For any information about concerts here or on their way, call 762-0003.

**BOOKS-RECORDS:** benefit book and record sale will be held to support the Opera Theatre of Northern Virginia. February 1, 2; 9:00 am - 7:00 pm, at the Stewart Arts Center. For information or donations call 558-2161.

**SESSION:** recreation of an episode between inmates of an insane asylum, written by Spanish playwright Pablo Poblaclion will be performed by the Georgetown University *Mask and Bauble* Dramatic Society Friday and Saturdays at midnight. Tickets: \$1.50, 3620 P St., N.W.

**FREE POPS:** National Symphony will perform a Family Pops Concert, including works of Schuman, Tchaikovsky, Smetana and Strauss. Free tickets will be available at the National Parks Services Desk at the Kennedy Center. Performance will be on Saturday, February 2, at 11:00 am.

**INDEPENDENTS:** AFI presents a series of films by independent filmmakers including John Cassavetes, Stan Brakhage and Ed Emshwiller. Each film will be introduced by the director or by AFI's Richard Henshaw. Featured will be *Pull My Daisy*, *The Flower Thief*, *Dog Star Man*, and *Deus-Ex*. On alternate Thursdays through April 11, at the AFI theater at the Kennedy Center. Call: 785-4600.

**COOKIES:** Be among those responsible for 10% of all cookie sales in the U.S. The Girl Scout Council of the Nation's Capital considers the 1974 Cookie Sale the most important in its history. You'll be hearing from them!

**MIDDLE AGES/BAROQUE:** A concert of contrasting musical styles will be presented by The Paint Branch Pro Musica on February 17 at 4:00 pm, Falls Church Episcopal Church, Camp Springs, Maryland.

**AMBAKAILA:** A Trinidad Carnival Ballet and Steel Band, presents the Trinidad All-Stars Steel Band and the four-time Calypso King of Trinidad and Tobago, "The Mighty Duke." On February 1, at 8:30 pm at the Kennedy Center Concert Hall.

**18 HOLES:** The National Parks Service is looking for a concessioner to operate golf course and related facilities at Langston Golf Course, 26th St., and Benning Rd. Call: 426-6917.

*The picture accompanying David Wham's "Keeping Rachel Safe and Sound" in the last issue, was taken by Washington photographer Jane Dalelio.*

## THE SECOND ANNUAL *BOOMER COOLIDGE* MEMORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

Last year's photography contest was such a fantastic success (over 1,000 entries!) that Woodwind is quite pleased to announce the kickoff of the all-new, 1974 Second Annual Boomer Coolidge Memorial Photography Contest.

All photographers are eligible to enter the contest, whether they are professional or amateur. The rules are simple:

- 1 There are no categories or divisions for the pictures. Portraits, landscapes, nudes, etc. — anything goes.
- 2 Only black & white photographs, at least 5" x 7" in size are eligible. They may be mounted or unmounted.
- 3 The prints must be "handmade"; no "drugstore" processing. Each print should have your name, address and phone number on the back.
- 4 No more than five photographs may be submitted by any individual.
- 5 The deadline for all entries is March 1, 1974. Nothing will be accepted after this date.

Every reasonable effort will be made to return your pictures if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is included with your entries.

Winning photographs become the property of Woodwind and will be published in an upcoming issue of the paper. They will also be on display at the Washington Gallery of Photography & Your Lab.

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. . . or better yet, deliver them personally to the Woodwind offices in Georgetown at 1408 Wisconsin Avenue, above the Viscount Records store.  
Good Luck!

# FRED SHEA

benoit devtry maubrey

*Sleep on! The world is vain;  
All grief, and sin, and pain;  
If there be a dream of joy,  
It comes in slumber, pretty boy.*

B. Cornwall

In the beginning I only knew Fred Shea vaguely and had seen him once or twice at the youth center dances where he would stand in the dim light of the gymnasium, wandering around, edging the groups of young people. His crew cut and upright walk gave him away as a military prep school type. I met him through my older sister whom he had taken out a few times and I can even recall having bumped into him one Saturday night in the front hallway of our house where he stood, blinking at the wall, waiting for my delayed sister; there was a taxi standing outside.

"You must be the brother," he had said and smiled and we shook hands.

My sister told me later how he was my age, how his mother had died a long time before; she said that he was a strange boy; I probably agreed with her but then again, those military schoolboy types were always like that, all that "hup'one, hup two" business. And I had even heard that there was a course there on how to dig foxholes and stick bayonets into dummies so that they could die.

At some point my sister stopped going to dances. Fred was the only one who asked her out anyway; she wasn't too pretty in those days, instead of going out she went to sleep early or watched TV.

I didn't see much of him for quite some time until all of a sudden, towards the end of the school year, he called me up. It was already late in the evening, he asked how everything was and how my sister was doing. Everything was all right, or so I said: I knew that he was only polite, sort of saluting, like they teach them to do to officers, and I waited to hear why he had called me up. It seems that he was having a hard time in some of his courses, almost flunking out, as it were. He was in real trouble. And he knew all about how I was such an intelligent fellow, a good student, went to the best prep school and all that. And would I please tutor him, please, and he would pay me. He had tried others, but I was his last chance, please, and he would pay.

The only reason I did it was probably because he really made me feel sorry for him; gave me all that stuff about how he would flunk out and how there was only one year left till graduation. He said that it was

rough now, but he was going to make it. Just this once I would help him.

We met at the public library and he smiled with a kind of nervous smile, as happy as he would let others see him, like I had saved his life. It only took a couple of hours and I was glad when it was over with. The evenings were getting warmer and summer was just around the corner. I would be a Senior next year; I never had trouble at school.

That summer my parents gave me permission to move to the basement maid's room, where I would have my own bathroom and where they would have to shout down to me when it was suppertime. When autumn came my sister went off to college. Fred still bothered me occasionally, though: it was either for help on some small paper, some overdue work, and one night—I don't remember exactly when—I actually started doing the work for him. Every time he called I obliged him, more out of cowardice from my own part. It was quick business, late-night work in the library by the fluorescent lights on a secluded table from which he always kept an eye out for people who might know him. It was secret work and when it was over we always shook hands.

On my own side, everything went well and I kept up a good average at school; my parents were content. I scored high on the college entrance exams and they didn't mind my supposed tutoring job; everything was as it should be as I slipped comfortably onto the cushioned slopes of the senior-year slump.

But one afternoon he called again; we had just finished dinner and only a week before, I'd received my acceptance letter from college. This time he sounded a lot more earnest: he had to meet me right away, it was urgent.

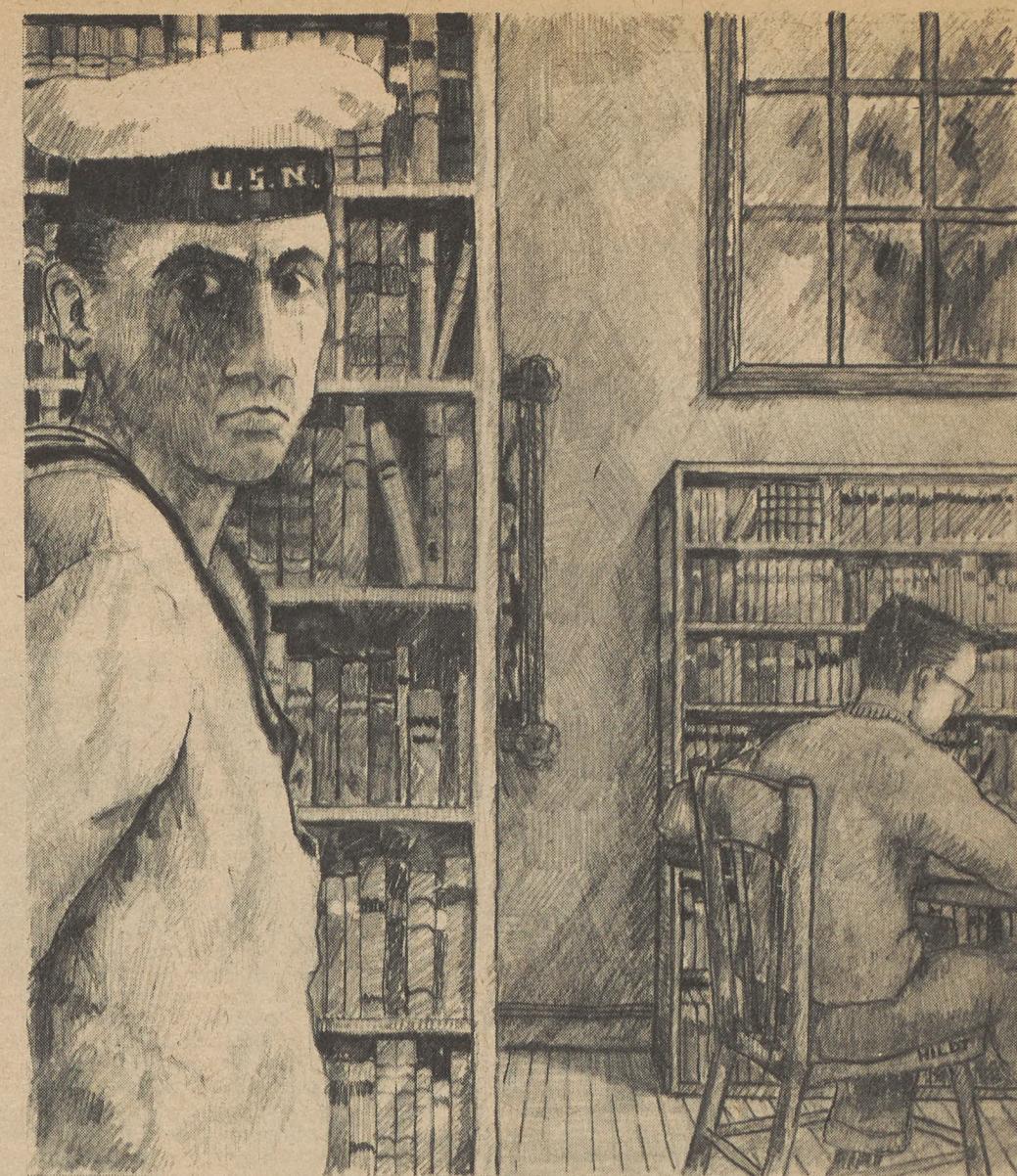
"Come to my house," I offered.

"No. The library as usual, at seven tonight."

"My house," I insisted to my own surprise. I thought my voice cheap, mercantile: I should be Judas.

"It's all right, I'm in the basement. It's my own room," I allowed him.

He was on time. I winced at the thick folder of papers at his side. He said nothing as we descended the stairs to my room. It was a small room, the bed and table took up most of the space. He stood nervously as I sat on the bed, offering my desk chair. His eyes stared at me and I should have guessed that it had been a bad thing from the beginning. When he asked me about my college entrance exam scores I should have known; when he asked me about my grades



and my class schedule, I should have known, really. He finally got around to it, to ask me to take his own goddam college entrance exams; it had come to that. He had it all figured out, he would fake my I.D. card, he would pay my taxi fare, it would all work fine and he would make it into the Naval Academy like he had always wanted and be a lieutenant or something.

"I'll give you \$20, that ought to be enough."

I started with the "Well, I don't know" bit, but I knew that it wouldn't work. "This is a dangerous thing," I told him.

"I need it," he countered, "it'll get me into the Academy," he was getting up from the chair and I wished my sister had never met him.

"Try for another college," I suggested unconvincedly.

"I don't want another college," and the bastard was scaring me, looking down at me, me who was sitting on the bed.

"I want . . . I'm getting into the Naval Academy," he said and his

eyes reminded me about the course on bayonet-stabbing and trench hole-digging.

And Fred Shea was really scaring the shit out of me. He showed me how he had already bribed his student body officer into letting him use the school seal, how he had forged his teachers' signatures, how he had written his own recommendations and how it was all down to me and my passing those exams. I knew that it was really crazy the way he had practically cheated his way into college, beaten the system just so he could get into the stupid Academy.

So I chickened out on myself and once more helped the poor guy out, met him at the right place, the right time, got into the taxi, answered when the entrance exam people called out the name, put down the memorized birth date and address. It was strange to be doing it, I had thought . . . like a spy movie. When it was over I left with some people that I knew who were there for the same reason as Fred Shea; I never told them who I was supposed to be.

When I got home he called. I told him that it had gone fine and he thanked me and said goodbye because we would be going different ways now.

I didn't get any news until a year and a half later when I bumped into a mutual friend who told me how Frederick Shea was dead and how he had blown out his brains with his rifle. Yes, he had made it into the Academy but it seems, that it had been a struggle from the beginning, bad grades and all that. They had finally warned him; what it all boiled down to was that it hadn't worked and old Fred Shea was dead now.

. . . And I thought when I heard that nobody had probably ever figured it out; in a way he had made things easier for the school administration, eliminating a scandal and all that . . . and I remember sometimes about the library at night . . . and I was thinking just now that nobody else knew . . . and I should've seen that he was crazy all the time when we met.

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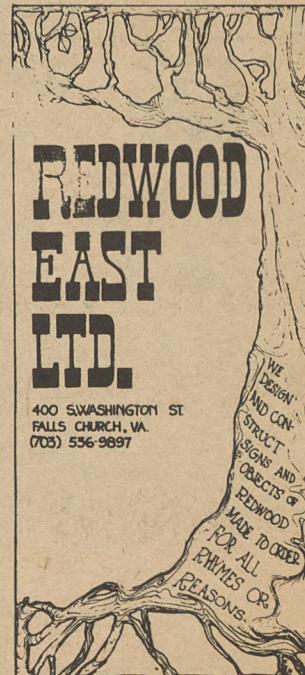
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# LONGHAIR

HUMAN COMPASSION: Bach, Mozart, Penderecki and Szymanowski conducted by Antal Dorati

Stephen Allen Whealton

What always looked like the most exciting and interesting concert program on the year's schedule-book of the National Symphony's 1973-74 season has taken place this past week at the Kennedy Center. Featured were two Polish composers' choral works, Karol Szymanowski's *Stabat Mater*, and Krzysztof Penderecki's *Dies Irae*. Added at the last moment to complete the program were Mozart's *Masonic Funeral Music*, K. 477, and a chorale from Johan Sebastian Bach's Cantata B.W.V. 38.

Antal Dorati, who designed the program, opened it with a rare, spoken introduction. He explained that the theme for the concert to come was human compassion—and charted briefly a history of Szymanowski's and Penderecki's compositions. The two composers wrote their works in their native Poland; Szymanowski after the first World War, Penderecki after the second.

Karol Szymanowski was the only Polish composer of any appreciable international note to live between the time of Frederic Chopin and the present generation. He was born in 1882 and died in 1937. The "rediscovery" of his music, taking place now, is not a gigantic boom, like the discoveries of Ives or Mahler, but it is a good beginning.

Like many composers living in a small, musically unsophisticated country, Szymanowski was susceptible in his early composing life to strong stylistic influence from other composers. First, he passed through a period of emulating the principles and sound-universe of Richard Strauss, then he assimilated the influence of Aleksandr Skryabin. Next it was Debussy. By this time, he had formed his own idiom, and the subsequent influences of Stravinsky and later of folk music were synthesized in a more mature way.

Szymanowski's music is unique in a rather low-key, off-handed manner; not blazingly avant-garde or original; not anachronistic. It is complex, blending romantic characteristics with a few highly personalized ventures into 20th Century sensibility such as dissonance and neo-classicism.

The *Stabat Mater*, Opus 53, was written in 1925 and 1926. Szymanowski was determined not to produce a typical religious musical work—but insisted upon writing something which would be emotionally communicative. He specifically said that his aim had been to avoid the musty academism which shrouds so much religious musical tradition. To achieve this, he used Polish folk music idioms,

orchestral and choral sound-textures which seem somehow exotic and perfumed at first hearing, and chordal writing in contrast to the more traditionally usual counterpoint.

The strange, haunting quality of the *Stabat Mater* lies not in grandiloquence like that of Verdi's *Requiem*, but perhaps in the apparent, unnatural fit of its elements as they slowly force their way into consciousness. At the beginning of the piece, wind solos seem not to suggest religious music at all, an impression which is accentuated when the delicate, caressing, almost voluptuous choral and orchestral chord textures float in to accompany. Slowly, however, the wrongness turns to rightness, as Szymanowski's conception becomes clear.

Stefania Woytowicz, the soprano soloist, has a very strong and dramatic voice, but she seemed to sing the wrong notes and wrong vowels in the Szymanowski work. My ear is not sufficiently well-trained in such matters to be sure, but I suspect that she sang less well than usual. Beverly Wolff and Bernard Ladysz, by contrast, seemed to do fine, as did the North Texas State University Grand Chorus.

Poland has made itself into the most musically successful of the Eastern European countries for whom artistic independence serves as a mark of independence from the political and cultural influences exerted from Moscow. Beginning around 1960, a small group of Polish composers fashioned for themselves a kind of "national" style, loosely based upon their use of several techniques and stylistic procedures which they had discovered among the avant-garde composers of that moment.

The most popular of these composers is Krzysztof Penderecki, whose particular idiom is both popular and original; both musically solid and broadly appealing. The permissibility of using new sound-textures which suddenly occurred in 1960 was particularly fortunate for Penderecki, for the creation of new sounds is one of his strongest talents. Many hours' work in electronic music studies accounts for some of this ability, he says. He learned, also, from a variety of other sources, among them Carl Orff, Iannis Xenakis, Johan Sebastian Bach, and Gregorian Chant.

Like the orchestral work which first made Penderecki famous, the *Threnody to the Victims of Hiroshima*, his *Dies Irae* evokes painful memories of World War II. Poland was one of the areas hit hardest by the Nazi phenomenon and the memory of that time is still very strong in most Polish people's minds. Hardly a month goes by, for example, when Poland

magazine does not have at least one major feature article about World War II!

The *Dies Irae* was composed for the unveiling of an international monument to the victims of fascism, at Auschwitz in 1967. It is in three parts: I. Lamentatio, features the contemporary writings of Polish poets who suffered and wrote first-hand accounts of their experiences. II. Apocalypsis, sets the specific sufferings outlined in the first part against the context of the end of the world itself, using texts from the Book of Revelations, Aeschylus' *Eumenides*, and certain other Biblical texts. III. Apotheosis, is a brief ray of hope, featuring the Bible and ending on a one-line quote from French poet Paul Valéry's "The Underwater Cemetery": "The wind rises! . . . Let us try to live!"

Penderecki's music has often been criticized by writers and composers who regard it and its popularity to betray a certain vulgarity or pandering, if not calculated commercialism. It is my feeling that this kind of criticism has virtually no meaningful basis in fact. It is true that Penderecki's music is popular, but by what warped sensibility is that bad? It is always theoretically possible that any musical work popular during its time will be judged by later generations to have been vapid or trite, but I feel confident of Penderecki's future reputation. For him, emotional communication through music seems to be the primary purpose of his work, and this aim he certainly achieves.

The National Symphony, the North Texas State University Grand Chorus, and the three soloists all did a fine job, indeed, in the extremely difficult Penderecki work. Following the performance with my score in my lap, I was very much impressed with how well the executants did their jobs; and was impressed anew with the sheer difficulty and unfamiliarity, from a performer's point of view, of the music itself.

A short chorale by Johan Sebastian Bach closed the program, just as a short orchestral work by Mozart had opened it. The two filler works functioned nicely to round out the pro-

gram, to put it into the context of the mainstream of musical history and tradition, and to balance the 20th Century idioms of the two major pieces with more familiar and less

idiosyncratic sounds. The audience responded very favorably indeed to the program, especially to the Penderecki piece.

## PROCRASTINATION II

Keith Kroky

What has happened to the calm days of past great procrastinations? Has everyone become content to procrastinate merely by postponing the leaf-raking or leaving the toilet bowl for someone else to clean? Are these feeble delays going to be the rule of the future?

**NONSENSE!** Anyone can do it! A brilliant procrastination only takes a second; you can do it with your hands full, or when you're eating dinner. Try it in the morning before you get out of bed, or perhaps right after lunch. Why, once a Procrastinator makes up his or her mind to take a firm stand on something, nothing in the world can stop him or her from possibly getting around to it — some day.

A good example of the historic proportions reached by procrastination is the War of 1812. Congress had known

for seven months that war was inevitable, but no real preparations had been made. Procrastination was at play when the United States declared war two days after the British had repealed the laws to which we objected. And procrastination cannot be denied when the Battle of New Orleans was fought 15 days after the peace treaty had been signed.

I intend this monthly (perhaps) column to illustrate the uses of proper procrastination; hopefully with superb examples available around us everyday.

If it happens that you don't hear from me next month, your assignment will be to finally mail out your 1973 Christmas cards. The only cards you should have mailed in December were those for 1972.

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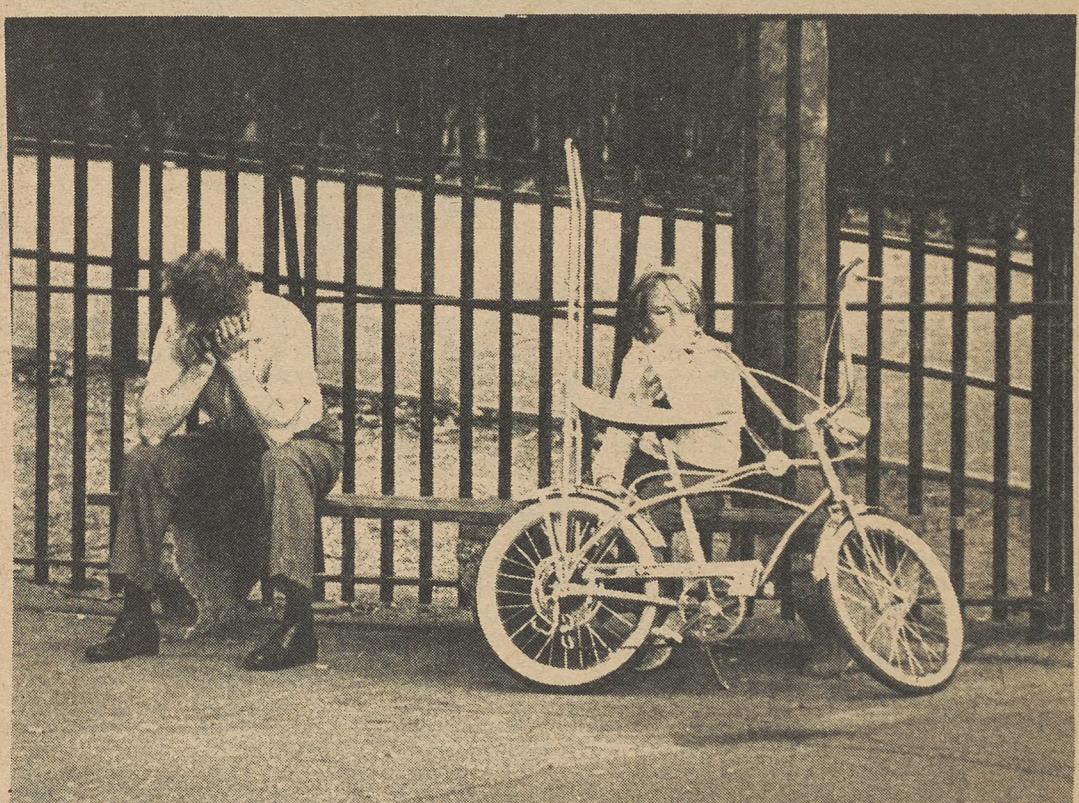
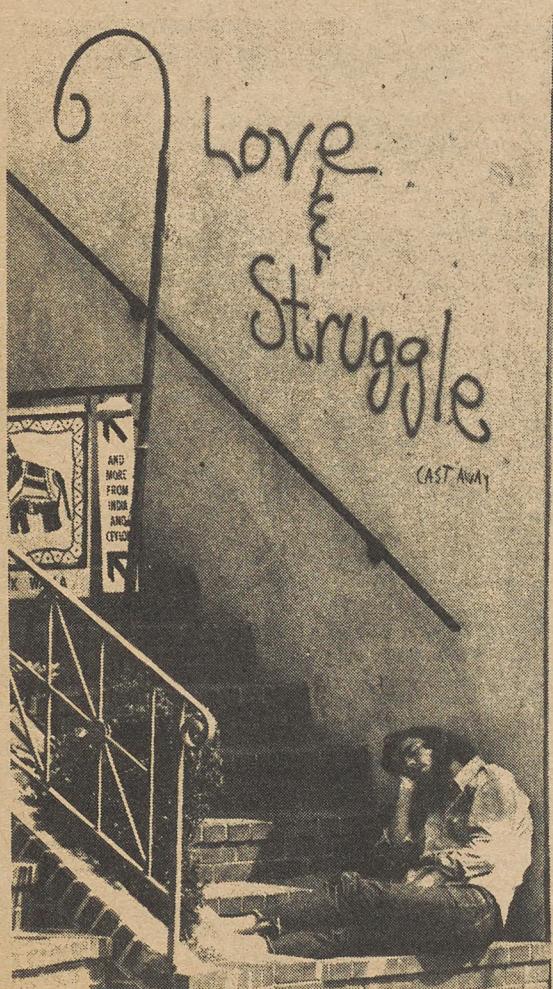
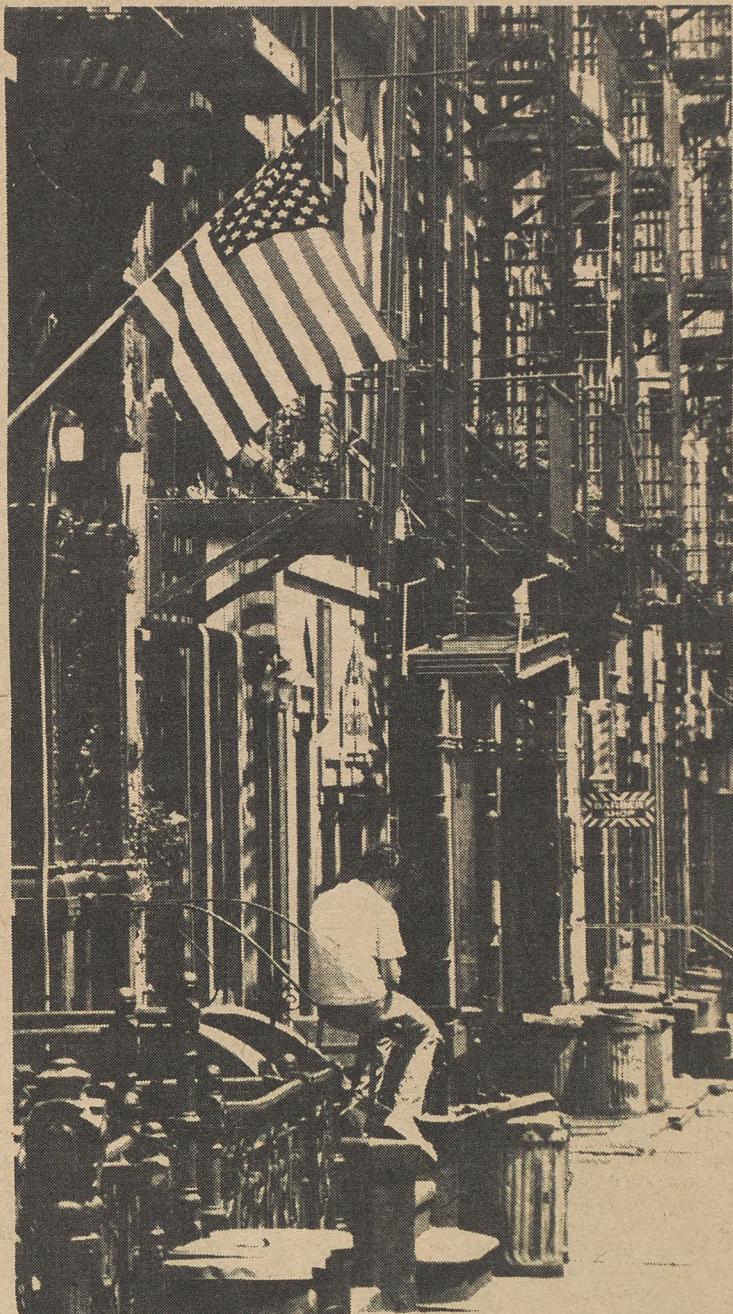
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Woodwind

JANUARY 29, 1974



Photos by  
Mark Rosenman



# art

## McGowin at the Pyramid Gallery

David Tannous

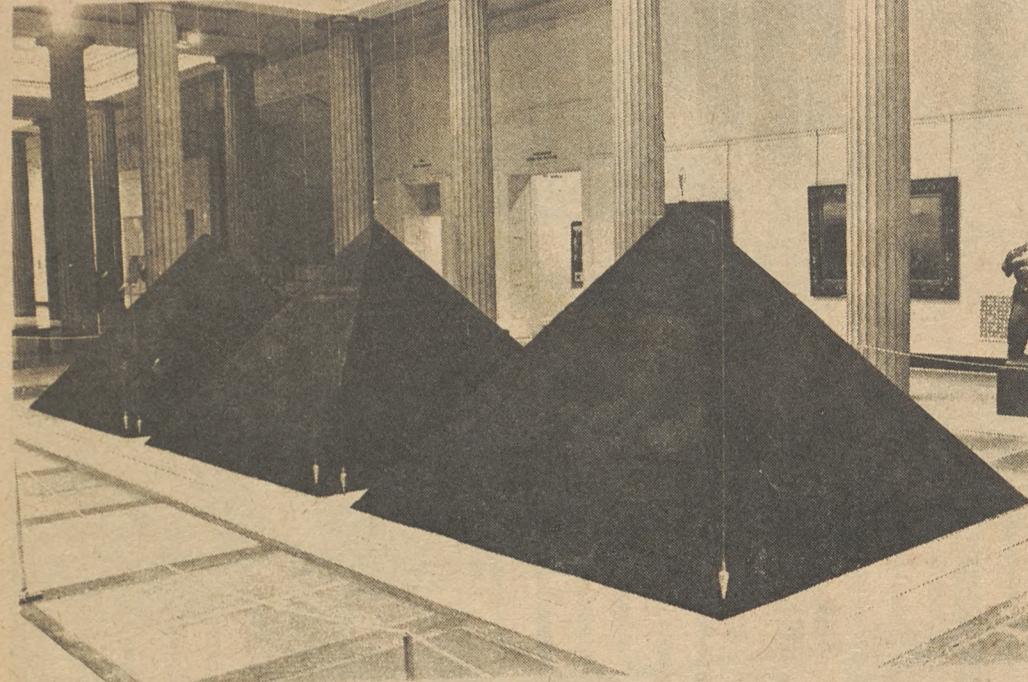
Art as theater got a good going-over in Washington several weeks ago, as Yuri Schwebler prepared for the opening of his current show at the Corcoran Gallery of Art.

A few days before the scheduled installation of Schwebler's works in the main-floor atrium, it was discovered that three of his structures—identical solid pyramids, each six feet high, composed entirely of bricks—would be so heavy that most likely they would descend to the basement level of the gallery without warning at some point in the exhibition, carrying the floor and any nearby spectators with them.

An alternative composition for the large pyramids had to be found at once, and for the next few days Schwebler's problem was shared with the city in a series of breathless reports carried in the two daily newspapers. These took on the flavor of a latter-day "Perils of Pauline," as the artist literally raced the clock to plan and construct his works in time for a Friday-night opening.

In company with some 30 of his friends, Schwebler spent several all-night sessions at the Corcoran putting together the show, and when all the hammering, cutting, casting and pouring was done, the triumphant conclusion of this artistic marathon took most of the space in the newspapers' coverage of the exhibition.

All the extraneous hoop-la, which included television coverage and on-the-scene interviews with opening-night attendees, made for good public relations, focusing attention on the gallery and the artist-as-performer. But an unwelcome side-effect was to relegate the art to the level of a freak show, as nothing more than the occasion for a nine-days'-wonder of suspenseful entertainment.



Substitute pyramids in north atrium

This is a pity, because the art involved is very good. It deserves consideration and analysis, both in itself and as a stage of development in Schwebler's on-going body of work.

There are two large pieces in the show, each composed of several similar objects, each related to the other. In a sense, the two pieces are variations of treatment of a single space, for Schwebler has used the two identical atrium openings on either side of the Corcoran's main entrance as the settings for his works. The space in each case is the same, but Schwebler varies his response to it.

On the floor of either atrium, Schwebler has reproduced in silver tape the outlined configuration of the ceiling coffer beams that separate the central three sky-lights above each opening. Like a marked-off playing field, the taped design allows a variety of placements within its squares and rectangles.

Schwebler concentrates on the squares here: there are eleven of

them, three large central ones—corresponding exactly in size and position to the sky-lights—and eight small peripheral squares. Each square functions potentially as a pyramid base. Schwebler divides their use, placing eight small pyramids in the design on the south atrium floor, and building three large pyramids on the north floor.

The eight small pyramids are made of cast aluminum. The three large structures, originally designed to be of brick, are formed of a hardened sand and chemical compound, plastered over a hollow shell. All the pyramids—both large and small—have identical proportions; with their sides inclined at an angle of 51°51', they are tiny replicas of the Great Pyramid of Egypt. Each pyramid has a set of five gold plumb bobs suspended above it, marking the four corners and the center tip. The plumb bobs are held by thin golden nylon ropes that extend two stories from the sky-lights and coffee beams to the atrium floor.

Thus each work is spare and rather simple, composed of three main elements: the floor design, the pyramids, and the plumb bobs and their lines. But the effect is far from simple. Schwebler cleverly combines his works with their surroundings so that some complicated resonances are induced.

The first of these comes with the realization that one is confronting an exploration of volume as well as of mass. After an initial, almost obligatory inspection of the pyramids on the floor, the viewer is drawn to look up, following the plumb lines as they ascend 40 feet to the ceiling.

Although the lines are fastened rather prosaically to the superstructure there, it is difficult to tell where they begin. The sky-lights' illumination dazzles the eye and darkens the separating beams by contrast, throw-

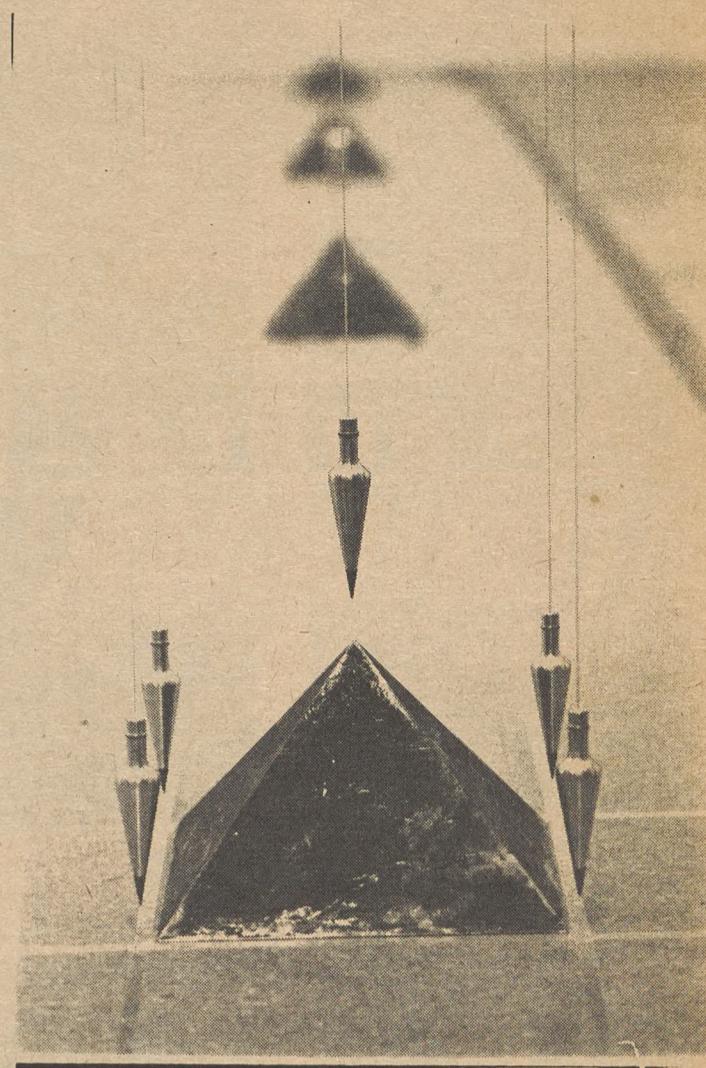
The pattern is the same, yet the effect is different. The viewer looks up to the ceiling to see the bright squares of the sky-lights interrupted by the silhouetted rectangles of the beams. Looking down, he sees the bright gleam of the tape reproducing this pattern against the darker bulk of the floor. The plumb lines, extending between floor and ceiling, pointing at either end to identical parts of the design, connect the two diverse uniformities, emphasizing the sense of the "other" in the "same."

All that takes place in the space between the ceiling and the floor does so between these two identical patterns; they bounce attention back and forth between themselves, like two grids in a vacuum tube that control the intervening electric charge.

Schwebler cleverly reinforces the action of a third element in the setting to heighten the impact of his work. Both on the first and second floors, the atrium openings are ringed by a forest of fluted columns. The lines in these columns are repeated by the hanging plumb lines; the insistent sense of verticality in the space is emphasized again.

In the south atrium, where the relative smallness of the pyramids allows each set of plumb lines to hang closely together, the arrangement of lines and spaces approximates the proportions of the surrounding stone columns. The result is a strong suggestion that these columns have been continued into the middle of the space, by other means and in another form. Thus the boundaries between the work and the setting have been softened again, and the conviction grows that Schwebler has devised a piece that is extraordinary in the evolution and utilization of its site.

Something else is happening here: one sees that a hierarchy of solidities has been established. From the insubstantiality of the light at the ceiling,



Detail of work on south atrium floor

PHOTO: Bernard Williams

fashionably minimalist, and obviously man-made perfection in his art. This is not the case, though. He has long been interested in the operation of certain natural forces and phenomena, using them to give his work form and to enlarge its effectiveness.

One of his early pieces, "Alley to Which the Sun Was Tied," consisted of a series of chalk lines marking the passage of sunlight on a particular day through a narrow alley behind his studio. A second use of the sun is in Schwebler's projected Washington Monument sun-dial piece, which employs the Monument as the gnomon of the instrument, with the hour lines plowed out in a fall of snow over the surrounding landscape.

His "Magnetic North" pieces documented certain features of the city-scape that are in alignment with that one direction on the compass. Another force of nature that Schwebler often has appropriated is gravity. Most usually it is seen as the agency that directs the alignment of the plumb bob lines that appear in many of his works. This was demonstrated in his exhibit of glass and plumb line pieces at the Phillips Collection last summer, and of course it is evident in the two pieces at the Corcoran now.

But the invocation of nature and mystery in his current show does not end here. Sunlight is brought in as a structural device, becoming as much a part of the work as the other elements. Schwebler also uses the pyramid, a simple form in solid geometry that has been invested with a great body of mystical lore, ceremonial activity and awed respect throughout its long association with man.

Among other things, the pyramid has been an astronomical observatory, a sacrificial altar, a temple to the sun, and a burial place for kings. A number of ancient philosophers and some modern thinkers have called it a gathering place and repository for regenerative forces in the earth. All these connotations of the form, part of the context that most viewers bring to the show, help increase the effect of the work. Schwebler aids the feeling by his presentation of these objects.

The two Corcoran pieces are a continuation of work that Schwebler has done before. It would seem, after running through a quick inventory of the materials the artist uses, that Schwebler is concerned only with a machined,

to their surfaces, and they resemble nothing so much as a strange kind of mineral crystal, a form in nature that exhibits a peculiar similarity to certain kinds of modern art.

The large pyramids also seem to be more organic than man-made. These, the hasty and headline-making substitutes for the original brick structures, are a happy accident; they came out better than could have been foreseen.

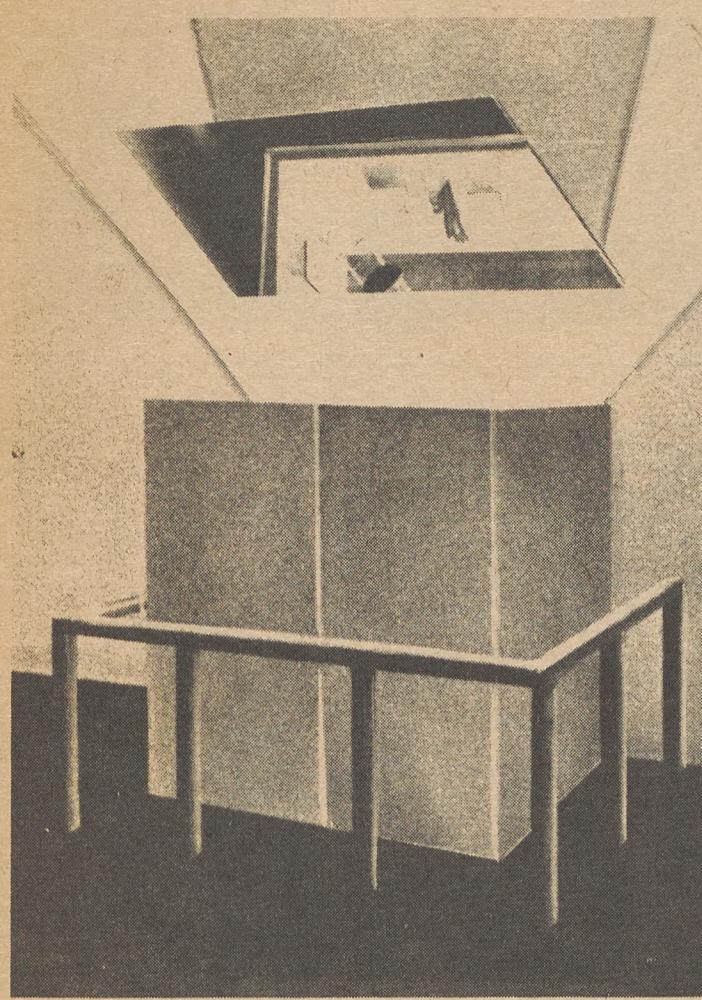
The sand and chemical compound forming their outer layers turned a dark green-black in the process of curing. Their surface texture is granular and heavily-worked, like a roughly-plastered stucco wall. Smudges and streaks of lighter colors appear on the sides, and the edges of the forms, when examined closely, reveal a number of imperfections. Even their center tips are broken off. Next to the precision of the plumb lines and bobs, and the silver tape drawing on the floor, the pyramids offer a vigorous contrast of color and irregularity.

This contrast, present in both sets of pyramids, contributes to a final, rather magical effect. The five plumb bobs suspended over the five points of each structure, in themselves an accurate negative delineation of the pyramidal shape, seem to be setting the limits of the pyramids' growth.

Precise, sharp-pointed and self-contained, the sleek delicate golden bobs, juxtaposed with the variegated surfaces and organic mass of the pyramids, appear to exert a force that allows so much and no more. All of the energy of that great space of light, transmitted through the hanging lines, seems concentrated in the glowing bobs, like some complicated apparatus of control determining the shape and size of the dark burgeoning constructs below.

A sense of great opposing powers held in balance, of precise calculations and careful determinations of points of force and stress, is the basic feeling in Schwebler's work. He is like an expert glider pilot who maneuvers his small motorless plane through the void, successfully making his way between the power of the wind and the attraction of the earth, until he gets where he is going. Or perhaps he is closer to the clever Greek who, some two thousand years ago, learned how to focus the rays of the sun to burn his enemy's fleet.

## Schwebler at the Corcoran



Detail from "Mirror Box"

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Laurie LeClair  
Ed McGowin's work at the Pyramid Gallery on P Street is a set of illustrative paintings of scenes which could be constructed—and, in such cases as "Room for Leaving" and "Mirror Box [see photo], have been. They also function as *plans*, and his "tool-shed craftsmanship" (craftsmanship which is unobtrusive and proportionate to the idea at hand) is appropriate.

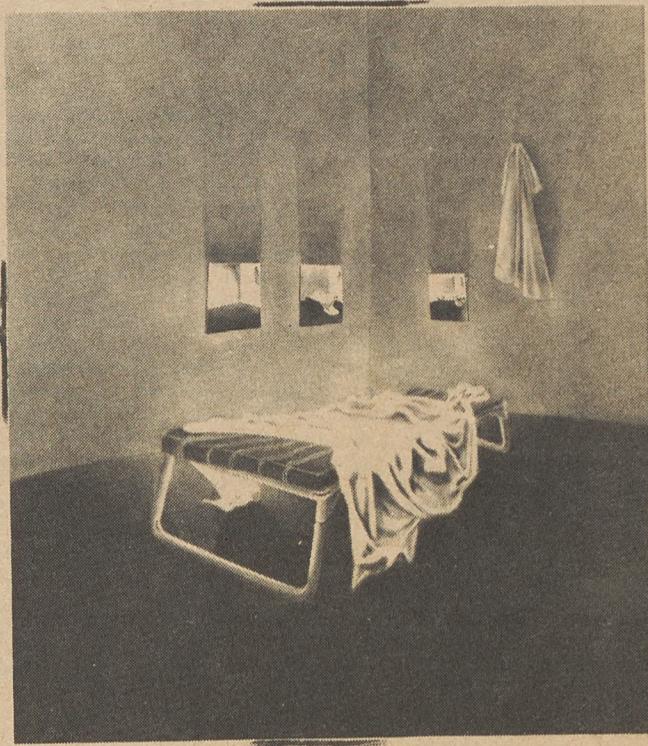
I overheard some viewers commenting that McGowin could have polished up his craftsmanship, but I don't agree. The paintings appear to be about highly intellectualized, personal dramas which he chose to illustrate with the most expedient images he could find, using his already-expedient air-brush style. Visually, there is no mistaking McGowin's work for anyone else's. Stylistically, his sharp/transparent air-brush effect, together with his use of half-real, half-imagined objects and symbolically provocative shapes, are unique.

After having established his style, one can set about exploring his ideas which are, of course, more important. His ideas are diverse and appear to place nothing out of bounds. This is soon apparent, yet, because all of his ideas come out of the same head, and because McGowin's work has often been exhibited, they materialize as characteristic and expected analogies. Nevertheless, his analogies are so personal that they are mysterious, known only to his closest friends. His images do exude an unmistakably provocative/evocative aura which causes one to wonder at them with the kind of curiosity of which rumor and gossip are made. McGowin has a knack for turning an ordinary, everyday object into a fetishist's prop through his sense of placement. He carefully places an object in the midst of semi-identifiable clutter ("Inflatable Sculpture with TV"), and just as carefully places another alone with a distant backdrop ("Bedroom" [see photo]). Or, he arranges his objects in very deliberate symmetry, then transports them to another order through the use of his almost spiritual light ("Wall with Five Balls," "Illuminated Fiberglass Sculpture," "Box with Package on Top"). All of the objects, close or distant, are important. None is incidental, although the same objects, arranged by another person, might constitute a most banal scenery. McGowin's result isn't quite as much surreal as it is

elegantly deviant and, as I said, fetishist. He deals with Hints and Clues and the deliberately incited Mystification, and one concludes that that which he has left *unsaid*, he has left to Strong Suspicion, a persistent deity.

His spiritual kin in myth and legend is F. Scott Fitzgerald who, when confronted with intellectual and emotional aloneness as an inevitability, attempted to face up to it—in art and in Life—with intimations of dignity. A little speculative analysis might lead one to conclude that McGowin is also dealing with a notion of solitude. The places he depicts are less "rooms" than they are private dens (and this might be supported by the images of snarling wolf-dogs in his "Room for Leaving"). These rooms contain temporary and somewhat aimless putting. At the same time, he shapes—the soft ("Inflatable Sculpture with TV"), the phallic ("Log Tableau" and "7-1-91"), the round ("Illuminated Fiberglass Sculpture"), etc.—are sensuous and sexual. The cot in "Bedroom" is explicit in its bed-ness until it becomes, once more, utilitarian and cold; a temporary reclining place for a single person.

McGowin's images are full of immediately available information, then curious contradictions and, finally, conclusions which sustain and make sense of the conflicting feelings of repulsion and compassion that they arouse. The most provocative image in his paintings is the dates he includes in, and with which he titles, two of his paintings: "7-1-87" and "7-1-91." The numbers of the dates are set apart by small eyes. The effect is singularly grim and sinister as they call to mind and heart heavy-duty images like *Time-Disaster-Death-Even-Suicide*. It's hard to speculate on something as all-encompassing as a future date, but almost certainly the "1" in the center is a nose. The date becomes a face staring back at you. This is one of three kinds of mirror-images in the paintings, the others being the literal use of mirrors as subject matter, and the reflected and receding images in "Inflatable Sculpture with TV." The mirror, as a symbol of imperfect reflection, is the ultimate hint of McGowin's confrontation with himself. This confrontation inspires the viewer to ask questions himself and finally to empathize with McGowin's experience.



"Bedroom," by Ed. McGowin

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*Three Men and a Dummy: The elegant, funky puppets of Awaji Island*

Jonathan Eberhart

Unless one is already a committed puppet freak (political entendres not intended), it takes something really out of the ordinary to build up any enthusiasm. The Bread and Puppet Theater, for example—15-foot giants rushing half the length of a city block into each other's arms—or the unearthly shadow puppets of Bali, enacting legends as old as time, to the accompaniment of tuned gongs. To most Americans, however, a puppet show means going to watch little things made of felt scraps do *Billy and the Bunny* at a kiddie matinee.

On February 10, a puppet show is coming to Washington, but it is one you will never forget: the remarkable, robust, almost-life-sized Awaji Puppet Theater of Japan.

Awajishima is an island, stretching southward from about four miles offshore of the bustling port city of Kobe. Early records are sketchy at best—folk culture seldom receives the attention devoted to politics and war—but a number of historians agree that it was there, in the village of Ichimura, that Japan's elaborate puppet traditions began, perhaps as half a millennium ago.

Awaji has its villages and towns, but for the most part it is an island of farmers, earthy, devoted people for whom the puppets were—and in places still are—the only diversions from their grinding, 16-hour-a-day labors. Audiences and performers were of the same straightforward stock. And it is this that gives the Awaji puppets their open, accessible appeal.

The stars of the Japanese puppet world are not the Awaji, but the refined, highly-developed Bunraku puppets of sprawling, urban Osaka, not far from Kobe in fact, on the mainland. They are the masters of nuance and impeccable subtlety, so rich in detail and allusion that lifetimes can be devoted to their study. Choices of color, hints of phrasing and layer upon layer of visual and spoken over-

tone add up to almost an art, such that even among the Japanese, only the most experienced aficionados perceive all that is presented. To a Westerner, Bunraku, though a thing of beauty and grace, is usually perceived only as the tip of an iceberg, carried along by the story alone.

The Awaji Theater, by comparison, is right-on, up-front, and fun. Created, of necessity, as a respite from back-breaking toil, it is an art, not of mind-stretching, multi-level references, but of story-telling. What it does share with Bunraku, though, is an easier, funkier way in the incredible puppets themselves.

Three-quarters or more the size of an adult, they are neither hand-puppets nor marionettes. Instead, they are actually carried around on the stage by the puppeteers—three humans to each puppet. The chief, and most experienced, operator controls the head and the right arm, while the other two, who are probably the leader's apprentices, handle the left arm, torso and legs. Though the leader is clad in traditional Japanese costume, the apprentices usually wear simple robes and hoods, with gauze masks completely covering their faces. To a Japanese audience, engrossed in the story, the puppeteers are psychologically invisible, but even Westerners find that the puppets' actions are so realistic, completely unlike puppets of any other kind, that it is easy to forget the presence of all those live human beings. Strangely enough, it is in the crowded scenes, such as a sword fight with several observers, that the near traffic jam of puppeteers falls most readily into the background.

The other characteristic of the shows, Awaji and Bunraku alike, is that no lines are spoken from the stage. A single human performer is both the narrator and the voices of all the characters. Kneeling straight-backed in stiff, formal kimono, he sing-speaks the parts of shy, young girls, gutteral villains, sturdy samurai and wizened elders, accompanied by a musician playing the shamisen, the ancient, percussive, square-bodied, three-stringed "banjo" of Japan. A



Pounding on his music stand, the singer in the Japanese puppet theater (shown here in a Bunraku performance) runs the entire gamut of age, sex, mood and vocal range for every character.

first-rate singer in the puppet shows is incredible in a style which many believe to be one of the most difficult in the world. Asian-musicologist William Malm describes his exertions well: "The singer's entire body becomes possessed by the characters he is portraying. His legs seem bound to the cushion, but his trunk, head and arms become a mass of writhing emotion. And his face! Picture the scarlet, perspiring face and the bulging veins of the neck and temple. It is as though the singer were trying to infuse great passions into his wooden counterparts on stage by sheer heat of his own emotions. The music stand in front of the singer is a heavy, squat affair, and it needs to be, for it is pounded, thumped and crawled upon as the crises mount ever higher and higher."

Four plays and excerpts will be presented at the Awaji Theater's one performance (which will be at Lisner Auditorium, at least a somewhat more appropriate site than the Kennedy Cultural Warehouse). One is a classical dueling sequence—a triumph of puppet coordination in an art in which it takes two people just to clap hands—in which the older warrior takes pity on his adversary, a retired emperor's son who has taken

holy orders, and kills his own son instead. Two short pieces include a comic play about Ebisu, the god of wealth, going fishing and a sort of miracle play in which a blind man's sight is restored by Kwannon, goddess of mercy. The other piece tells the story of a mother who gives up her daughter so that she will be brought up away from her father, who has joined a group of thieves to seek his lord's stolen sword.

In case it isn't obvious, the plays are all in Japanese, but there will not only be plot summaries, but complete written translations given to everyone in the audience. The Awaji puppets are not children's entertainment, done with gusto, love and craftsmanship.



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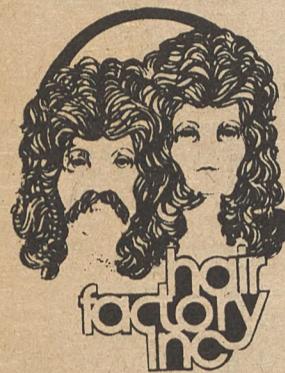


# records

PRETTY MUCH YOUR STANDARD  
RANCH STASH  
Michael Nesmith — (RCA)

Bruce Rosenstein  
As Michael says right here in his somewhat double-talky and meta-physical liner notes, this is his sixth album since his Monkee days. It is a measure of his power as an artist, however, that people seldom connect him with that group. He has developed credibility as a modern, no-bullshit country artist. Unfortunately, he has had only moderate commercial success with these albums. For a while, RCA seemed to be behind him, but I've yet to see an ad for this album, and the record stores don't seem to be overflowing with it, either.

The self-written liner notes may be obscure, but thankfully Michael's songwriting isn't. He's one of the few country artists who skirt the bleeding



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'n a fortunate position. Sometimes his is true, but sometimes it acts as a curse.

Consider the case of 10cc, a sophisticated British pop band which had a couple of hits in England before the release of their debut album:

American rock critics somehow were brainwashed on a mass level to declare this the messiah of rock albums. If anyone bought this LP on the basis of those reviews, without having heard it, they would almost surely feel let down. 10cc's is a good album; but it is not the work of art that most rock critics make it out to be.

The roots of 10cc go deep into the British pop-rock tradition. Bassist Graham Gouldman is best known for his songwriting credits in the mid-60's among them "For Your Love," by the Yardbirds, "Bus Stop," by the Hollies, and "No Milk Today," by Herman's Hermits. Other members of the group were part of Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders, and later called themselves Hotlegs, getting a surprise hit single in 1970 with "Neanderthal Man." Together as 10cc, they create a finely crafted pop sound, immaculately produced, calling on their mid-60's British roots as well as hefty portions of Beach Boys vocal and production techniques.

Because of this, it's not surprising that they have hits in England (where they are also pop heroes). In the more fickle, less predictable American market, it's easy to see why they have (so far) failed. Their songs are great to hear, one at a time: taken together they get to be a bit much. Some of the songs are first-class, while some are filler. The 50's send-ups, "Donna," and "Johnny Don't Do It," are pretty nice, though not the kind of thing you'd want to hear too often. "Speed Kills" and "Headline Hustler" are pleasant, but not much more. Besides the filler, this leaves two near-perfect songs; a reasonable enough ratio for any album these days. "Rubber Bullets" was a very minor hit in America last fall, but deserved to be more. It bounces on a time-proven rock beat and employs every Beach Boys trick 10cc can dredge up. It's possible to get sick of "Rubber Bullets," but it takes a lot of listening before that happens. Then there is "Ships Don't Disappear in the Night, Do They?" which, besides having one of the best titles of the year, has great melodies, humorous lyrics (characteristic of most of the album), and a catchy chorus. Both these songs have the stuff of which Top 10 hits are made. As for the whole album, don't get fooled into thinking it is the gift from heaven some people would like to know.

If you have *Valley Hi*, you should also get *Pretty Much Your Standard Ranch Stash*, and vice versa. If you even vaguely like country music, both of these albums are worth your time.

10cc  
(UK).

You would think that if a large number of rock critics vigorously supported an album, that album would be

B.R.

#### TALES FROM TOPOGRAPHIC OCEANS

Yes — (Atlantic)

Michele Waering  
Where have I heard this before?  
Sunday School? Mass? Bar Mitzvah services? Meher Baba? The local Krishna person? Yes.

I looked at the cover of *Tales from Topographic Oceans* while I was on the third side and, to relieve the disappointment, I decided to take the sarcastic way out. I imagined, from the air bubbles on the cover that this LP was a giant Fizzie. One simply puts the records into a large pot of water and they dissolve in a cloud of celestial blue fizz vapor. Upon drinking it, one begins to envision a succession of pictures, each one very nearly the same, with the tedium now and again broken by flashes of brilliance in arrangement and simplicity. But these new excursions are mere shadow and one resolves never to fizz again. Not even for the sake of "Relayer" and "Nous sommes du soleil." Or the lovely semi-hymn at the end of "Ancient Giants," where Ian Anderson's voice is so soft that it practically caresses the music. The guitar work is perfect and one feels that Steve Howe should go acoustic before he loses his inspiration altogether. His words are just that—sounds all strung together with the help of Anderson's words which he clichéd long ago, all by himself.

One sits playing this holy extravaganza, applauding the few moments for which we wait a very long time—wherein Yes shows that old bravado with difficult themes and ideas that was their asset not so long ago. One shouts, "About time!" and then lapses into empty silence. Chris Squire's basswork, often the only thing to pierce through, does so, so infrequently that one is tempted to think he has actually left Yes and all we hear are recordings of Chris Squire.

The problem as I see it is twofold: 1) What can one say about God? God is not a lesson to be learned. He is. One is either aware or unaware. God is not poignancy or irony. That is man. God is joy and there is next to none expressed in the *Tales*. What need be said about God has been said and inadequately enough. One needs hymns to express love and pilgrimage and devotion. It was a well-meaning and ambitious activity to score the *Shastras*, but there are so few pieces that can be taken and sung from this. Besides, there is really only one note, playing freely, like breath rippling by. It is to be captured, not rewritten. 2) All Yes says here, Yes has played and sung before. The words are not

exceptional. They contain no new revelations to tug at the heart or mind to bother one until he wants to know more. As for the music, the echoes from past Yes LP's are almost unnerving: this new score is as stagnant as a broken mellotron.

One wonders why, during a vinyl shortage, material which could have been compressed into two sides is presented as four. At the same time, one is very, very sorry for Yes, seeing this cosmic lesson as necessary to both the progression of their own music and their listeners, they simply could not equal a perfect master or a christ in putting the information across.

## WINTER SALE

If you've been to the shop and plan to return — this is the time to do it because just about all the clothing is reduced. We do this twice a year (Jan. 15th — Feb 15th and Aug. 15th — Sept 15th) in addition to our special dress sale that runs March 15th — April 15th. The intelligent buyer replenishes his/her wardrobe at the end of each season to get the best values. Come as early as possible to have the best selection.

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# film

APPALSHOP  
Seven Short Films

Clover Holcomb  
The Janus theater will be running seven short films made by a young Appalachian film company, from January 30 - February 1. The films are delightful and varied, beginning with a filmed interview with a one-room-school teacher; continuing with a miner who talks of early union-management disputes; a sewing center that provides clothes for children and employment for older women; a mountain community that is fighting for a road and a school; a hog-butcher's craft; and a coon-on-a-log contest. The film technique, while reminiscent of the attempts of *cineverite*, remains innocent and the subject matter is enchanting.

Most people have at least minimal awareness of the predicaments of the inhabitants of Appalachia. And there are very few who do not suspect that behind the endemic hunger, isolation, and lack of opportunity for competitive education there exist beautiful mountainsides, simple pleasures, and friendly, industrious people.

The program is visually appealing and evocative of a people's desire for the most simple things of life. What is most startling, however, is the fact that these films were made by the

children of Appalachia, not with the intention of spreading the word about their plight, but more, with the hope of recording a way of light that will soon vanish—or already has, in intent. A most remarkable phenomenon, this group of people, realizing the needs of their communities, and attempting to fulfill them, also sees the beauty of their lives and regrets that with a certain amount of prosperity some of them will fade. This is an interesting endeavor that is well worth watching.

## SUNSEED

*Sunseed* is only half of the film it should have been. According to Ralph Harper Silver, the producer, the film is "designed to touch off our own responses." In a sense, this is true. Because of its incompleteness, however, *Sunseed* is not so much a "seed" as it is a "gamete." It is full of potential, but lacking any vitality or continuity.

The film was made to show a "sense of hope," and, in a way, does so. It portrays the joy that (some) seekers find in the mysticism of Eastern religions. But, because it is only half of a film, it does not show anyone who is disenchanted with what they have "found." It does not show how people are ripped off, financially as well as psychically, by the false gurus whose only mastery lies in the ability to discover new pop trends. It does not show those people who have "given their all" and are unable to find anything in return.

All we see are ten teachers, in Asia and in the U.S., interacting with their disciples on various levels. And the meaning of these interactions cannot be found in the film.

At this base of this difficulty in the film is the sheer impossibility of translating/interpreting mystical phenomena through rational media. One does not find the meaning of Zen or Tantric Buddhism or Hinduism or Sufism or even Judaism through a 90-minute travelogue. And without any meaning being translated by the film, all that we have left is a collection of smiling, dancing, spinning, singing people. They could be in their joyous condition for any number of reasons, but they provide no incentive to find out what is going on. There is no incentive for asking any question deeper than "Huh?" It's very, very difficult to relate to someone's statement that they are going to show you something really great and then throw open a door that gives onto the everyday universe. It looks the same as it always did. Of course, if you're able to

see the "meaning behind the reality," you're watching a different movie. But, since my "meaning" was not one of the 10 glossed over in *Sunseed*, that's not the movie I saw.

# books

*PLAIN SPEAKING: An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman*  
Merle Miller, (Berkley Publishers/G. P. Putnam's Sons), 448 pp., \$8.95, hardcover.

Marc Leepson

*He not only doesn't give a damn about the people; he doesn't know how to tell the truth. I don't think the son of a bitch knows the difference between the truth and lying. . . . He's one of the few in the history of this country to run for high office talking out of both sides of his mouth at the same time and lying out of both sides.*

That's Harry Truman giving Richard Nixon hell in Merle Miller's new book, *Plain Speaking. An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman*. Miller is a writer, editor, novelist and former World War II combat correspondent who has put together a series of interviews (most of them with Truman himself) and interspersed them with his own comments and chronology. The result is a remarkably concise, fascinating, personal portrait of the little man from Independence, Missouri. The interviews were taped mainly during 1961 and 1962 while Miller was working on a never completed TV series on Truman.

*Plain Speaking* also shows Harry Truman through the eyes of those around him; from his childhood friends, relatives and teachers to his political colleagues who shaped the history of the world in the 40's and 50's. What emerges is a picture of a bluntly outspoken, brutally honest, self-educated, hardworking man; a man who considered it a privilege to serve in public office; a man who thought of himself as a servant of the American people even while President; a man who spent his whole public life trying to represent his constituents without regard to his own personal benefit.

The comparison of Truman with today's leaders is written between the lines of *Plain Speaking*. Miller, perhaps wittingly, teases the reader into comparing the outspoken honesty of Truman with the double-talking trickery of Nixon (or "President

Truthful," as Nick von Hoffman sardonically calls him). Truman never used public money to improve his house in Independence, Miller tells us. And when the author quotes Truman that "No man can get rich in politics unless he's a crook," we don't need to be reminded that President Truthful has become a millionaire since entering the White House.

But *Plain Speaking* is much more than a comparison between Truman and Nixon. It is a well-researched, historical document containing Presi-

dent Truman's views on the important issues of his lifetime. It is Harry Truman sounding off on American History and American politics; on the Korean War and the Marshall Plan. It is also Harry Truman sounding off on his childhood memories, his World War I years, his haberdashery and his life and times. And even though Harry Truman had faults and made mistakes in judgment, it is a pleasure to read about a President of the United States who consistently acted decisively, honestly and morally.

# performance

THOUGHTS  
The Washington Theatre Club

Perry Schwartz

The Washington Theatre Club is back in operation in conjunction with The New Theatre of Washington under the careful guidance of executive director Paul Allen and that is marvelous. Theatre in Washington cannot afford to let its theatres die, and the Washington Theatre Club has been a Washington theatre. The New Theatre of Washington is concerned also about theatre in Washington, but even more importantly, "new" theatre in America.

Marvelous, too, is their current production of *Thoughts* by Lamar Alford. It is marvelous in thought and in performance. The plot basically deals with the life of a black man born in Montgomery, Alabama. We see him in various stages of his growth as he tries to discover who he is. Eventually he finds himself in a combination of what the play describes as "the classical and the non-classical"—opera and blues, musically. My description is vague because the play is a bit obscure about his point. That really doesn't matter. The important aspect of this production is its concern with showing the development of a rather normal, black male growing up and searching for identity during the 1940's-70's. This play tries to give us a "reflection" that is honest, a picture of the black man growing and questioning that is uniquely black, but also universal. Its events are rather commonplace, an old woman grows old, tenderly; Bubba confronts masturbation and homosexuality with a friend; separate-but-equal schools are dealt with in satire; Bubba leaves home and returns to find it changed; and other rather universal events. The black experience is most developed through brief scenes involving prejudice and a wonderful scene in a black Baptist church. All of this is "celebrated" in song. The show is, in fact, subtitled "A Musical Celebration," which it is. The music celebrates life. It is bluesy and soulful, but also operatic. The lyrics are simple but direct. There is little dialogue, but a lot of songs.

The production elements are sparse. Well-executed costumes and lights give the suggestion of time and location change. All of the performers sing powerfully and well. Special note must be made of Lynn Oliver, Gene Harbin and Lamar Alford. The direction is tight for the most part, at times inventive, but all too often the actors strike a position to sing a song and remain in that same position for the entire number. I want to make special note of the band, consisting of musical director John Hason, Babafumi Akuny and Quincy Mattison: they played with feeling seldom evident in musical accompaniment.

This production "celebrates" an ordinary man's development in a joyous, at times tender, and at times exciting way.

THE RAINBOW RAINBEAM  
RADIO ROADSHOW

American Theatre

Perry Schwartz

In one of the songs in the opening act of James and Ted Rado's *The Rainbow Rainbeam Radio Roadshow*, the lyrics are something like

If there is a moral  
then look at me  
look at my last line  
tra la la lee

Unfortunately, this production gets caught between trying to be just "tra la la lee" and saying something. The dramatic question raised by Billie Earth, the main character of the play who previously was killed in a war during the earlier *Hair*, is "Why did I die?" It is asked often until finally, near the end of the second act, President Mr. answers the question by saying, "I was trying to save the world." This kind of feeble profundity raises its head just enough to get in the way of the fun of the show.

The first act finds Billie Earth in Rainbow Land in which the Rado Brothers have written a series of campy takeoffs on radio programs of their youth. None of the rest of the cast can remember when there wasn't any television, but that doesn't seem to make much difference. There are enjoyable parodies of many old-time radio favorites topped by a wonderful Carman Miranda in drag. During all of this Billie is reborn and tries to find out who he is and why he was killed. Eventually he heads toward Earth with the Rainbeams of Rainbow Land to seek out the President of the U.S.A. The second act deals mainly with converting the President (Nixon, of course—he's an easy target—deserving, but easy) to a flower child. The book is weak, almost nonexistent. It's the songs for which the show exists. In fact, at one time, Billie says "music is my only contact with the physical world" as if to justify the 31 songs.

The music is pleasant most of the time, covering a rather wide range of styles, from country rock to soul, and is sometimes even exciting. Actually, the music is the strength of the show.

The production itself is very weak. There is no director or choreographer listed in the program, and it shows. The lack of production unity is painfully obvious. In some numbers the dancing and characterization are very tight and consistent; in others, the actors have such a good time being "themselves" that they lose all of their concentration and the audience loses interest. Letting the actors "do their own thing," as they do in the song "The World Is Round" simply results in a hodgepodge disaster. This show desperately needed a unifying artist of some sort.

The script provided us with humor such as a listing of the planets ending with the line "up Uranus." The lighting and sets were roughly of that same unimaginative calibre. Occasionally, the costumes were of more than passing interest. The six-foot bananas and the Carman Miranda are a case in point.

Fortunately, the actors were all pleasant to look at and sang very well. Combine that with some semi-nudity and the evening was at least a pleasant songfest if not a complete theatrical event.

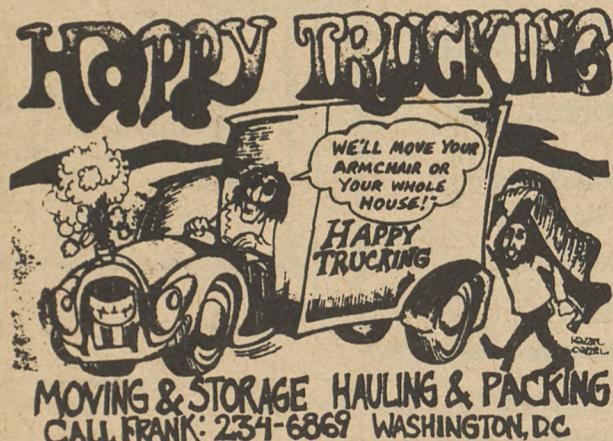
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# CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

TUESDAY, JANUARY 29

## BIRTHDAYS

Pat Appear, Betty Lavette, Noel Harrison, Ron Townshend (Fifth Dimension)

## MUSIC

Richie Cole; Blues Alley; 337-4141  
oni Mitchell; DAR Constitution Hall; 8:30 **sold out**  
heech & Chong/Rick Roberts; Cellar Door;  
337-3389  
Groove Holms & Jimmy McGriff; Etcetera;  
446-8822  
Ervin Klinkon, cellist; Mont. Co. College, Recital  
Hall, Rockville, 8:00  
Maryland Chamber Ensemble; Hall of Musical  
Instruments, Museum of Hist. & Tech.; 8:30  
Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe Harold; 483-6702  
National Symphony Orch., Howard Mitchell con-  
ducting; JFKC; 8:30; 254-3776

## FILMS

Greaser's Palace; Outer Circle 2; 244-3116  
Best of the N.Y. Erotic Film Fest.: Key;  
333-5100  
Madame De . . ; AFI; 9:00; 833-9300  
Les Biches; AFI; 6:30; 833-9300  
Fillmore/Concert for Bangladesh; Biograph;  
333-2696

## EVENTS

Ghosts Towns of Montana-photo exhibit; Octagon  
House; 638-3105  
Martial Arts as- Meditation in Movement-  
lecture by Robert Noha; Yes! 8:00; \$2; 338-7874

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30

## BIRTHDAYS

Karen Johnson, Marty Balin, Steve Marriott, Ruth  
Brown, Horst Jankowski, Phil Collins; House of  
Representatives staged its first brawl (1798)

## MUSIC

Cheech & Chong (see Jan. 29)  
Albert Wagner, organist; St. Johns Church, La-  
fayette Sq.; 12:10 pm; free  
Walter Ponce, pianist; Pan American Union; 8:30  
Groove Holms & Jimmy McGriff (see Jan. 29)  
John Wells Delegation; Corsican; 298-8488  
Richie Cole (see Jan. 29)

## FILMS

Boobs in the Woods/Yukon Jake; M.L. King  
Mem. Library; noon; free; 727-1186  
Madame De . . ; AFI; 9:00; 833-9300  
Women in the Cinema; AFI; 6:30  
Heavy Traffic/Putney Swope; Biograph; 333-2696  
Cries & Whispers/Cesar & Rosalie; Key; 333-5100

## EVENTS

poetry reading-Eugene McCarthy & Katie Lon-  
heim; Textile Museum; 8:00; 667-0442  
demonstration-State of the Union; at the Capitol;  
spons. by Wash. Area Impeachment Coalition;  
8:30 pm.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 31

## BIRTHDAYS

Explorer I launched by U.S. (1958)

## MUSIC

Cheech & Chong (see Jan. 29)  
Gina Bachauer, pianist; JFKC; 8:30  
Flip Peres & Friends; Mike Palms'  
Funkadelics/Ohio Players/Black Heat; T.P.  
Warner; 638-7264  
John Wells Delegation (see Jan. 30)  
Richie Cole (see Jan. 29)

## FILMS

Brakeage on Brakeage; AFI; 833-9300  
Heavy Traffic (see Jan. 30)

## EVENTS

folk dancing-classes; Hall of Nations, G.U.; free  
to G.U. students, others \$.75; 333-2419

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1

## BIRTHDAYS

Don Everly, Dion, Ray Sawyer (Dr. Hook)

## MUSIC

Dave Brubeck: Two Generations; Gaston Hall; 7:30  
& 10:30; 965-9650  
Tokyo String Quartet; Coolidge Aud.; Library,  
Lib. of Cong.; 393-4463  
Cheech & Chong (see Jan. 29)  
Groove Holms (see Jan. 29)  
B.J. Thomas/Franki Valli & 4 Seasons; Stardust;  
843-6233  
Ambakala; JFKC; 254-3776 (see Backyard)  
Meg Christian; Women's Ctr.; women only;  
232-5145  
The Saints Jam Band; Psyche Delly; Bethesda

FILMS  
Brakhage on Brakhage; AFI; 833-9300  
Heavy Traffic (see Jan. 30)

## EVENTS

hayrides-Rock Creek Park (Mon.-Thurs.); 426-6700  
cookie sale-Girl Scouts start taking orders.  
benefit-book & record sale for Opera Theatre of N.  
Va.; 9 am-7 pm; Steart Arts Ctr.; 558-2161

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2

## BIRTHDAYS

Graham Nash, Tom Smothers, Stan Getz, Jasha  
Heifetz; Ground Hog Day

## MUSIC

Cheech & Chong (see Jan. 29)  
Groove Holms (see Jan. 29)  
Miles Davis; JFKC; 338-5992  
B.J. Thomas (see Feb. 1)  
Japanese Trad. Music; Recital Hall, U. of Md.;  
8:00; (301) 454-2501  
"Family Pops" JFKC; free (see Backyard)  
Richie Cole (see Jan. 29)

## FILMS

Adventures of Robin Hood; AFI 11:30 am & 2:00  
The Old Dark House/Island of Lost Souls; AFI;  
6:30 & 9:00; 833-9300  
Heavy Traffic (see Jan. 30)

## EVENTS

benefit-book & record sale (see Feb. 1)  
radio-Spirits Known and Unknown; WAMU-FM;

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3

## BIRTHDAYS

Mike Schreibman (**Yanay Mike!!!**), Jim Lockhart,  
Mendelsohn, Dave Davies, Maxine Andrews,  
Melanie, Died; Big Bopper, Buddy Holly, Richie  
Valens. (1959)

## MUSIC

Groove Holms (see Jan. 29)  
Leo Kottke/Steve Goodman/Rick Roberts; JFKC;  
8:30; 338-5992  
Liz Meyer & Friends/Grow Your Own; Fairfax  
Theatre; 8:00 & 11:00; \$3.50 adv.; \$4 at door;  
273-9863  
Leontyne Price, soprano; JFKC; 3:00; 254-3776  
Md. Chamber Ensemble; Recital Hall, U. of Md.;  
4:00; (301) 454-2501

## FILMS

Adventures of Robin Hood; AFI; 2:00; 833-9300  
Adams Rib; AFI; 9:00  
Wanda; AFI; 6:30

## EVENTS

opening-sculpture by Karen Montgomery;  
Emerson Gallery, McLean, Va.  
"How Gunsmoke Came About"; 1949 recording;  
7:00 pm; WAMU-FM  
fairytales-from Europe; 9:00 am; WAMU-FM

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4

## BIRTHDAYS

Richard ("Dick") Harrington, John Steele,  
Florence LaRue (Fifth Dimension), Jerry Shirley  
(Humble Pie); Winter Olympics began (Lake  
Placid, N.Y., 1932)

## MUSIC

Baroque Arts Chamb. Orch.; Hines Junior HS;  
8th & C sts., S.E.; 8:30; free; 629-2577  
U. of Md. Chorus; "Requiem," "Solemn Mass in  
B-flat"; new Ballroom of Student Union; 8:15;  
454-2501  
Nitty Gritty Dirt Band/Steve Martin; Cellar Door;  
337-3389  
Theater Chamber Players; Baird Aud., Museum of  
Hist. & Tech.; 8:30; 381-5395

## FILMS

Adams Rib; AFI; 9:00; 833-9300  
Vorkapich; AFI; 6:30  
A Fistful of Dollars/Good, Bad, Ugly; Biograph

## EVENTS

lecture-"Spectrum": Met. Museum of Art";  
WNDC; 12:15; \$4; 232-7363  
poetry reading-Julia Watson Barbour; Folger Lib.  
8:00; free; 547-3230

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5

## BIRTHDAYS

Mauro Pagani (PFM), Henson Cargill, Al Kooper,  
Cory Wells (Three Dog Night)

## MUSIC

Baroque Arts Chamber Orch.; Alice Deal Aud.,  
Nebraska Ave & Fort Dr., N.W.; 8:30; free;  
629-2577  
Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe Harold; 483-6702  
Nitty Gritty Dirt Band (see Feb. 4)

## FILMS

Computer Fluid Dynamics; Museum of Hist. &  
Tech. Aud.; 2:30 pm; 628-4422  
All These Women; AFI; 6:30; 833-9300  
Rain; AFI; 9:00  
A Fistful of Dollars (see Feb. 4)

## EVENTS

lecture-Patents, Producing & Prosperity; Edwin  
Battison, curator Museum Hist. & Tech.; 12:30  
628-4422  
lecture-Music & Consciousness; Yes! Helios  
Bonary; 8:00; \$2; 338-7874

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6

## BIRTHDAYS

Fabian

## MUSIC

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band (see Feb. 4)  
U.S. Navy String Ensemble; Little Falls Library,  
5501 Mass. Ave.; 7:30

## FILMS

The Gangster Film; AFI; 6:30; 833-9300  
Rain; AFI; 9:00

The Ruling Class/Discreet Charm of the Bour-  
geoisie; Biograph; 333-2696

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7

## BIRTHDAYS

Jimmy Greenspoon (Three Dog Night); First Ballet  
performed in U.S. (NYC 1827)

## MUSIC

Face Dancer; U. of Md. Student Union Pub; 9:00  
(301) 454-2501

## FILMS

Nitty Gritty Dirty Band (see Feb. 4)

Kris Kristofferson; Stardust; 843-6233

Keyboard Filler; WGTB-FM; midnight-3:00

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8

## BIRTHDAYS

The Day the Earth Stood Still; AFI; 11:30 & 2:00;  
833-9300

She Done Him Wrong/Red Dust; AFI; 6:30/9:00

## EVENTS

Film Fest, followed by party and dance w/ live  
music to raise money for Africa; 5125 MacArthur  
Blvd., \$5; \$2 students; 326-5220  
art exhibit-10-6:00 (see Feb. 8)

Music Education Workshop-"Dynamics of Teaching  
Multicultural Populations; Recital Hall; U. of  
Md.; free; (301) 454-2501

Theatre Project Dance Ensemble (see Feb. 7)

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10

## BIRTHDAYS

Kenny Rankin, Roberta Flack, Donovan, Nigel  
Olsson, Bertolt Brecht, Don Wilson (Ventures);  
Singing Telegram made its debut (1933)

## MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe Harold; 483-6702  
Marion MacKinnon & Eleanor Bodkin, pianists &  
Potomac English Handbell Ringers; Fairfax HS;  
8:30; 941-6495 (see Backyard)

Kris Kristofferson (see Feb. 7)

Billy Preston/Weather Report; DAR; 8:30;  
337-3389

Capital City Artists Presents

# DOC WATSON & SON and HICKORY WIND

Saturday, February 9 - 8:30 p.m.

One Show Only

Lisner Aud. - G.W.U. - 21st & H Streets, N.W.  
Tickets: \$5 Advance, \$6 Door, All Ward Stores; Marvin Ctr. • GWU;  
Discount Records • Downtown & Chevy Chase; Empire Music •  
Bethesda; Orpheus Records • Georgetown. Sponsored by GWU.  
Info.: 244-1228.

A Dick Cerri/Fox-on-the-Run Production



Two Generations of Brubeck: Dave, Chris, Dan, & Darius, at Gaston Hall, G.U. — See February 1st

737-1100